The New King and Queen of a New Country

Norway Has Achieved Her Heart's Desire In The Coronation Last Friday of Haakon VII, The "Sailor Prince" and His English Wife, Both of Whom Are Direct Descendants of the Fierce Vikings Who Ruled The Land of the Norseman and Were the Terror of the Seas Not Far From a Thousand Years Ago.

HE week that is just past has seen a new king and a new queen seated on the throne of their ancestors. Haakon VII and Queen Maud at Troudhjem Cathedral on Friday last it has seen the final act in the bloodless revolution whereby Norway has achieved her heart's desire. It has seen Prince Karl of Denmark, the "sailor prince," so-called, second son of the present King of Denmark, transformed into King Haakon Vil. of Norway, and declared the legitimate successor of the vikings, the fierce sailor kings who ruled Norway and terrorized all Europe not far from a thousand years ago. It has seen the consummation of Norway's assuming "among the nations of the earth that separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle her."

There is a peculiar fitness in the selection of Prince Karl as first king of the re-established kingdom of Nor-way. All the traditions of the country point to a sailor king-a real sailor, ot a mere royal excuse for one. And Karl is emphatically that. All the members of the Danish royal family have been brought up primarily as hu-man beings. The accident of birth have been so far as possible ignored. The new King of Norway was born August 3, 1872, and is a trifle short of thirty-four years of age. From his birth he was set apart for a naval career. He went to the naval academy and fared there exactly as the other students did-no better, no worse. He began his active career in 1890, as a midshipman, and in the summer of 1904 reached the grade captain in the Danish navy. He is said to be popular among both officers and men, and to be a sailor by inclination as well as by education and expediency. He is a strict disciplinarian, and a hard worker-not a genial man, but one whose unapproachableness is laid to shyness rather than to any exaggerated sense of his own importance, and said to be devoted to his friends.

# Married for Love

He married his wife, Princess Maud of Wales she was then, second daughter of the present King of England. in July, 1896—rather against his mother's wishes. His mother, the Queen of Denmark, daughter of King Carl XV of Sweden, had set her heart on his marrying the wealthy young Queen of Holland, and it is said that Wilhelmina was not averse to the But Prince Charles had fallen in love, most unroyally, democratically in love, with his English cousin, said to be her father's favorite, and known in the home circle as "Harry." The suit was encouraged in England, and the pair were married, unconcealed disgust of the young man's mother.

The prince and his bride sailed troubled seas in their subsequent career in Copenhagen. The royal motherin-law systematically snubbed the bride, and the allowance of the pair was cut down to such a low figure late Queen Victoria, grandmother of to a quarrel over the King's refusal

that they were hard put to it to "make both ends meet." This condition was relieved when, upon his accession to the throne of England, the young wife's father

income of the prince and princess. Two years ago a son was born to the princess. This haby is twelfth in succession to the British crown, and sixth to that of Denmark. He now bids fair to be first in line for the throne of Norway.

found it possible to contribute to the

Prince Karl-King Haakon, he is now-is sincerely attached to his wife and baby, being in spite of his career in the navy of a decidedly domestic turn. In fact, all through the Danish royal family, the family life has been notably happy. The princess—Queen Maud—is a noted sportswoman and fond of social diversions, having inherited a full measure of these tendencies from her father.

### 遊 遊 Gives Norway a Viking's Son

Upon her marriage to Prince Charles she stipulated that at least half of her time should be spent in England. This agreement has been more than fulfillassisted not a little by the unfriendly attitude of the queen mother-in-law at Copenhagen.

It was characteristic of Norway that in declaring her independence of Sweden she did not attempt to establish a republic, but remained true to her monarchical traditions. The storied land of the vikings would have accepted a republican form of government only as a last resort, had she found it impossible to elect a king who would for diplomatic reasons find it possible to accept her throne. She wanted a king, and she wanted one of the ancient royal blood of Norway, a descendant of Harold Haarfager. And

For genealogists give to Haakon VII (pronounced Hawkone) three lines of descent from that Harold Haarfagre (the Fairhaired) who first united Norway under one rule, but none of them are in the direct line. Through his grandfather, the late King Christian IX of Denmark, he is desc through a female line from Fredrik V. Then again he is descended from the ancient kings of Norway through his grandmother, who was a princess of Holland. And yet again he is descended from them through Hans, the younger, Duke of Schleswig and Holstein, a son of Christian III. All of these lines united in Haakon V, the last Norwegian King of the house of Harold Haarfagre. Haakon VI, Magnusson, was a great grandson through the female line of Haakon V, generally

accounted last of the race of Harold.
As Prince Karl and his consort, Princess also has the blood of the Viking kings of Norway, but she is even more directly descended. Ordulf, Duke of Saxony, married Ulfhild, daughter of St. O'nf of Norway, and from this union assended the royal house of Saxony and Brunswick, whose members in a direct line recently sat on the thrones of Hanover and Brunswick, and still rule Great Britain. The



trace her lineage through her grandfather, the Prince of Saxe-Coburg-Go.ha, to St. Olaf.

Including the Oldenburg kings, who furnished ten rulers for Norway and Denmark during their union, Prince Karl can lay claim to having the blood of twenty-one Norwegian kings in his veins, while Princess Maud has the same royal blood with the addition of that of St. Olaf. These figures do not include various petty kings who ruled over smaller parts of the coun-

Sentimentally it pleases the Nor-wegians that this King and Queen should be of the ancient royal blood of Norway. The fact that the last King Haakon, surnamed Longlegs, flourished in the early days of the flourished in the early days of the fourteenth century, dying in 1319, is forgotten; the lapse of time is not considered, since royal Norse history ended with him. His life was passed in a succession of wars with Denmark, and his daughter marrying Erik, son of Magnus Birgersson. King of Sweden, the kingdom passed out of the independent existence which it had maintained for five centuries, and for more than five centuries thereafter was ruled by the kings of Sweden or of Denmark.

#### 班 班 Kept His Word

For the last hundred years about, Norway has been demanding the independence which she has at last achieved. The theory that attributes the separation of Sweden and Norway

the day, would probably have been glad enough to give the Norwegians their separate consular service but for the promise made by his successor.

Throughout the eighty-seven years that the line of Bernadotte has been on the Swedish throne, Norway has never relinquished the demand for indepen-dence, and the fruition of this dream is certain to be followed by a great effort toward progress, so that the material benefits of the separat on may be

The Norwegians are intendely democratic. In marked contrast to the Swedes, who have the habit of aristoc-racy strongly fixed on them.

A critic as eminent as Prof. Fahibeck has said that there are only five noble families in Norway as against 3,000 in

The difference in temperament might have been expected to result in a Nor-wegian republic, but since the separation first became a certainty, there has never been a moment that anything but a monarchy was thought of.

selection of a king is generally admitted by the diplomats of Europe wer in an excellent position to get its share of considera-

atone for the loss of Finland. Bernadotte was unable to complete this project, but instead arranged a union which gave Norway many rights. Then to soften the anger of the Swedish nobles he pledged for himself and his successors to make it the great principle of Swedish diplomacy to gradually effect the absorption and effacement of Norway.

That pledge he kept in so far as he could, and each of his successors have felt it binding on them. The goodnatured and broad-minded King Oscar of Sweden, one of the great rulers of tion in international politics.

For while sentimentally the restoration of the ancient line on its re-established throne may please Norway, practically the seating thereon of a modern line directly allied to the most powerful royal houses of Europe is likely to be much more useful. King Haakon, himself, is reputed an able man, highly thought of among his royal kinsfolk, but his blood will go far-

ing for him a prosperous reign His grandfather, the aged King Christian, seems to have understood admirably the art of getting his children into possession of places of rank and power. One of his daughters is the Empress of Russic, another is the Queen of England, and his son is the King of Greece. Now a grandson will shape the destinies of Norway, thus rounding out a career the most re-markable of its kind in history.

The mother of the new King of Nor-way is a daughter of the King of Sweden, and his wife is a daugnter of the King of England.

#### 姓 姓 New Ruler a Liberal

While no such announcement, has been made by M. Christian Mi-chelsen, premier of the new govnt of Norway, it is gen-believed that King Haakon ernment VII will be certain to carry the liberal tendencies of the country to the fullest limit, and that the throne will strive to reach some sort of agreement with Britain which will secure Norway immunity from Russian aggressions.
The land of the great white Czar has

always cast longing eyes at Norway. The Czar, among his titles, numbers the significant phrase "successor to the throne of Norway."

It is said that the Muscovite diplomats hoped to see a Norwegian republic, believing that such a government would get little sympathy from any of the powers of Europe, thus making it easy for Russia to absorb the Nor-wegians when the time for the blow came. The defeat of Russia by Japan has put the Czar in such a position that if he would find an outlet to the commerce of the world, he must do it through the ports of Norway. If he could add this land to his already enormous domain, he might go far toward retrieving the recent reverses.

Alexander I began against Norway in 1826. His pretensions falled, but again his project was renewed in the 50s, and only the out-break of the Crimean war, which gave Russia need for all its troops elsewhere, prevented some open attempt. As a result of this scare the King of

Eweden in 1855 negotiated a treaty with France and England by which they pledged themselves to maintain, if need be, by their armies and navies, the integrity of the Swedish crown. Twelve years later the waning

health of Napoleon III encouraged Russia to a fresh attempt, but the late King Charles of Sweden appealed to Emperor William, and the old ruler, after investigating, and finding that Russia had made all preparations for a military lescent on Norway, warned the Czar that Germany would oppose such an act to the very limit of its power.

The split between Sweden and Norway seemed to offer a new chance, but the cleverness that has made a virtual ally of England, assures the safety of Norway, from the Rus-sians, and also indicates that the dip-lomatic skill of the new nation is not to be lightly valued.

#### 烂 堤 A Popular Monarch

Moreover, King Haakon has the good will of the royal house of Sweden, to which he is allied through his grand-mother. Indeed, without it his grandfather, King Christian, would not have allowed him to accept the throne. Things were arranged on the most amicable basis, allowing for the fact that King Oscar of Sweden is human, and must have felt a bit sore at Norown account. However, he packed up on the whole, very good grace.

As a matter of fact, Oscar's belongings in Norway were astonishingly few. He did not possess any real estate there, with the exception of some old wooden buildings, which, however, will be left on their present sites, and be probably transferred by him to the nation. The large one-storied building near the harbor, called Paloet, was presented to the state by the family

Kings of Norway; the palace itself, Oscarshal, Villa Victoria, and the royal farm Kongsgaard, on the socalled island of Bygdo, also belong to the nation, while, by decree of the storthing in 1863, the entire inventory of the palace was made state property. Thus the question of ownership of its present contents related solely to articles acquired since that period at the expense of the King himself or other members of the royal family. It was found that of the three large pictures illustrating the coronation of Carl Johan, Carl XV, and Oscar II, the first belonged to the nation, the others to King Oscar. These, together with the valuable gifts presented to the late King by the Norwegian people on the occasion of his silver wedding, have, however, been now given by him to the state, and will remain at the palace. Some furniture and other articles contained in the royal residences at and in the neighborhood of Christiania, together with a few relics of the house of Bernadotte, on which the King set great value, and plate belonging to him privately, appear to be all that has been claimed, and forwarded to Stockholm.

The restoration of the ancient dynasty is an event of deep significance to the Norwegian people. It was meet that Trondhjem, the ancient capital. only three degrees south of the Arctic circle, should be the scene of the formal reremonies marking the event. It is the historic city of Norway, far older than Christiania, the present capi-tai, the cradle of her kings, that fierce old band of cutthroats and sea rovers whose blood flows today in the veins of most of the royalty of Europe.

The Norwegian regalia, which had not been seen in public for thirty years, was used at the coronation on Friday. It consists of the King's crown, scepter, and orb; the Queen's crown, scepter, and orb; the crown crown, scepter, and orb; the crown prince's crown, a sword of state and a royal banner, and ampulla.

### 堤 堤 A Better Sailor Than Statesman

The crown of the King of Norway was made at Stockholm, by order of the Crown Prince Carl Johan, and was first heard of and publicly exhibited at the obsequies of the first sovereign of the two realms. Carl XIII, it having been ordained that the Norwegian regalia should be berne in the funeral procession. It contains many fine gems, inter alla a large green stone which had been presented to Carl Johan by the Brazilian consul at Stockholm, and at that time deemed to be of great value. After the cor-onation of Carl Johan, in the cathedral at Trondhjem, in 1818, the King decreed that it, the scepter and other articles of the regalia which had been ocured at his own expense, should be confided to the safe keeping of the authorities of the bishopric, subject to any rules that might be subsequently prescribed by the Norwegian government. The Queen's insignia were pro-vided by the nation for the contemplated crowning of Queen Desideria, 1829, which, however, never took place. In 1846 it was determined to procure a crown for the heir apparent. made of eighteen-carat gold. about 300 ducats (sic) in weight." Previous to that period the crown prince wore the Swedish prince's crown, and is thus represented wearing it in the picture of the "Coronation of Carl Johan, 8th September, 1818, at Trondhjem," which is hung in the palace at Christiania. It is the only article of the regalia proper that is of Norwegian manufacture, but nevertheless compares very favorably

nevertheless compares very favorably with the others. Its last public appearance was in 1876, when it was forwarded to Stockholm in connection with the funeral of the Dowager-Queen Josephine.

It is certainly nothing against Haakon VII in the eyes of his sujects that his education has been that of a sailor rather than that of a sailor rather than that of statesman, though he feared that it was not such as to fit him to rule wisely and well. Norway has no such fear. She has given him her crown and scepter with a heart full of rejoicing in the present and free from fear for the future.

# THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES, BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

The King and Queen of Norway

and Their Infant Son.

to grant a consular service of its own

to Norway overlooks a salient fact of

history. That refusal merely brought

It is back to Bernadotte himself that

the trouble dates. When the Fredish nobles invited Napoleon's marshal to

become king they had in mind the shrewd prospect of using his military

valor to add Norway to the Ewedish

crown. In this way it was hoped to

atone for the loss of Finland Berna

(Continued from Fourth Page.)

"Of course I accept them! Do you think I am going to make a row, refuse to fulfill that old man's last wish! I gave him enough trouble in his life without disappointing him in his grave, I suppose you'd like to have me fight the will; but I'm going to disappoint

He said nothing, but played with his pencil. I had never disliked him so heartily; he was so smug and comfortable. His office breathed the very spirit of prosperity. I wished to finish my business and get away.

I suppose the region out there has high death rate. How's the ma-

"Not alarmingly prevalent, I understand. There's a summer resort over on one side of Lake Annandale. The place is really supposed to be whole-some. I don't believe your grand-father had homicide in mind in send-

No, he probably thought the ruswould make a man of Must I do my own victualing? 1 suppose I'll be allowed to cat.'

"Bates can cook for you. He'll supply the necessities. I'll instruct him to obey your orders. I assume you'll not have many guests-in fact"
-he studied the back of his hand intently-"while that isn't stipulated, I doubt whether it was your grandfather's intention that you should surround yourself-

"With boisterous companions!" I supplied the words in my cheerfulest tone. "No; my conduct shall be ex-emplary, Mr. Pickering," I added.

He picked up a single sheet of thin typewritten paper and passed it across the table. It was a formal acqui-escence in the provisions of the will. Pickering had prepared it in advance of my coming, and this assumption that I would accept the terms irrishould do under given conditions had always irritated me, and accounted

surprise and disappoint people. Pickering summoned a clerk to

"How soon shall you take po he asked. "I have to make a record of that." "I shall start for Indiana tomorrow," I answered.

"You are prompt," he replied, deliberately folding in quarters the caper I had just signed. "I hoped you might dine with me before going out; but I fancy New York is pretty tame after cafes and bazaars of the East."

His reference to my wanderings angered me again; for here was the point t which I was most sensitive. I twenty-seven and had spent my patrimony; I had tasted the bread of many lands, and I was doomed to spend a year qualifying myself for my grandfather's legacy by settling down on an abandoned and lonely Indiana farm

terest in whatever.
As I arese to an Pickering said: "It will be sufficient if you drop me know you are there. The postoffice is

"I suppose I might file a supply of postal cards in the village and arrange for the mailing of one every month." "It might be done that way," he an-

We may perhaps meet again, if I don't die of starvation or ennui. Good-

We shock hands stiffly and I left him, going down in an elevator filled with eager-eyed, anxious men. I, at leas', had no cares of business. It made no difference to me whether the market rose or fell. Something of the spirit of dventure that had been my curs quickened in my heart as I walked through clowded Broadway past Trin ity Church to a bank and drew the balance remaining on my letter of credit. I received in currency slightly less

than one thousand dollars. As I turned from the teller's window I ran into the arms of the last man in the world I expected to see. This, let it be remembered, was in

teen hundred and one.

# CHAPTER II.

A FACE AT SHERRY'S. "Don't mention my name as thou lovest me;" said Laurance Donovan. and he drew me aside, ignored my hand and otherwise threw into our meeting a casual quality that was somewhat amazing in view of the fact that we had met last at Cairo. "Allah il Allah!"

It was undoubtedly Larry. I felt the heat of the dese t and heard the came drivers cursing and our Sudanese guides plotting mischlef under a window far away "Well!" we both exclaimed interrog-

rocked gently back and forth, He

with his hands in his pockets, on the tile floor of the banking house. I had seen him stand thus once on a time when we had eaten nothing in four days-it was in Abyssinia, and our de place-with the same untroubled

Please don't appear surprised, or anything, Jack," he said, with his delous intonation. "I saw a fellow looking for me an hour or so ago. He's been at it for several months; hence brave and the free, He's probably still locking, as he's a persistent devil. I'm ere, as we may say, quite incog. staying at an East Side lodging he I shan't invite you to call on me. But I must see you." "Dine with me tonight at Sher-

Too big, too many people-"Therein lies security, if you're in rouble. I'm about to go into exile, and want to eat one more civilized din-

'Perhaps it's just as well. Where are you off for-pot Africa again?"
"No. Just Indiana-one of the sovereign American States, as you ought

"Indians?" "No; war:anted all dead." camels-how do you get there?" there; it's the not dying of ennui after

you're on the spot."
"Humph! What hour did you say for "Seven o'clock. Meet me at the en-

"If I'm at large! Allow me to pre cede you through the door, and don't follow me on the stret, please!" He walked away, his gloved hands clasped lazily behind him, lounged out

upon Broadway and turned toward the Battery. I waited until he disappeared, then took an uptown car.

My first meeting with Laurance Don-

ovan was in Constantinople, at a cafe where I was dining. He got into a row with an Englishman and knocked him down. It was not my-affair, but I liked the ease and definiteness with which Larry put his foe out of commission. I learned later that it was a way he had. The Englishman meant well enough, but he could not, of course, know the intensity of Larry's feeling about the unhappy lot of Ireland. In the beginning of my own acargued with him, but I soon learned better manners. He quite converted me to his own notion of Irish affairs, head-smashing as a means of restoring Ireland's lest prestige.

My friend, the American consul gen eral at Constantinople, was not without a sense of humor, and I easily en listed him in Larry's behalf. The Engaman thirsted for vengeance and invoked all the powers. He insisted, with reason, that Larry was a Eritish subject and that the American consul had no right to give him asytum-a point that was, I understand, thore maintained, on the other hand that he as not English but Irish, and that, as his country maintained no representa tive, it was his privilege to find refuge wherever it was offered. Larry was always the most plausible of human beings, and between us—he, the Amer-ican consul and I—we made an impres-sion, and got him off.

real joke lay in the fact that Larry was English-born, and that his devotion to Ireland was purely senting His family had, to be sure, come out of Ireland some time in the dim past, and settled in England; but when Larry reached years of knowledge, if not discretion, he cut Oxford and insisted on taking his degree at Dublin. He even believed-or thought he believed-in banshees. He allied himself during his university days with the most radical and turbulent advocates of a separate national existence for Ireland, and occasionally spent a month in jail for rioting. But Larry's instincts were scholarly; he made a brilliant record at the University: then, at twenty-two, he forth to look at the world, and liked it exceedingly well. His father was a busy man, and he had other sons; h granted Larry an allowance and told him to keep away from home until he got ready to be respectable. So, from Constantinople, after a tour of Europe, we together crossed the Mediterranean in search of the flesh-pots of lost kingdoms, spending three years in the pursuit. We parted at Cairo on cellent terms. He returned to England and later to his beloved Ireland, for he had blithely sung the wildest Gaelio songs in the darkest days of our entures, and never lost his love for The Sod, as he apostrophized-and capitalized-his adopted country.

Larry had the habit of immaculate ss. He emerged from his East-side lodging-house that night clothed properly, and wearing the gentlemanly air of peace and reserve that is so wholly incompatible with his disposition to breed discord and indulge in riot, When we sat down for a leisurely dinner at Sherry's we were not, I modestly maintain, a forbidding pair. We-if 1 may drag myself into the matter-are both a trifle under the average height, nervous, and, just then, trained fine. Our lean, clean-shaven faces were well browned-mine wearing a fresh coat from my days on the fore, and the scene had for both of us the charm of a gay and novel spectalking to Larry of nations and races, that the Americans are the hand-somest and best put-up people in the world, and I believe he was persuaded of it that night as we gazed with eyes long unaccustomed to splendor up the great company assembled in the restaurant. The light, the music, the cariety and richness of the costumes the women, the many unmistakably foreign faces, wrought a welcome spell on senses inured to hardship in the waste and dreary places of earth.

"Now tell me the story," I said. "Have you done murder? Is the offense treasonable?"

'It was a tenants' row in Galway, and I smashed a constable. I smashed him pretty hard, I dare say, from the row they kicked up in the newsweeks, caught a boat to Queenstown. and here I am, waiting for a chance to get back to The Sod without going

You were certainly born to be hanged, Larry. You'd better stay in America. There's more room here than anywhere else, and it's not easy to kidnap a man in America and carry

"Possibly not; and yet the situation isn't wholly tranquil," he said, transfixing a bit of pempane with his fork. Kindly note the florid gentleman at your right-at the table with fourhe's next the lady in pink. It may interest you to know that he's the British consul.'

'Interesting, but not important. You don't for a moment suppo-"That he's looking for me? Not at all. But he undoubledly has my nar on his tablets. The detective that's here following me around is pretty dull. He lost me this morning while was talking to you in the bank. Later on I had the pleasure of trailing him for an hour or so until he

finally brought up at the British consul's office. Thanks; no more of

the fish. Let us banish care. I wasn't

can be deported if they lay hands on

He watched the bubbles in his glass dreamily, holding it up in his slim well-kept fingers "Tell me something of your own im-

mediate present and future," he said. I made the story of my grandfather Glenarm's legacy as brief as possible, for brevity was a law of our inter-

"A year, you say, with nothing to do but fold your hands and wait. It doesn't sound awfully attractive to I'd rather do without the money." "But I intend to do some work. owe it to my grandfather's memory to

make good, if there's any good in me Glenarm," he sald mockingly. "What do you see-a ghost?"

I must have started slightly at espying suddenly Arthur Pickering not twenty feet away. A party of half a dozen or more had risen, and Pickering and a girl were detached from the others for a momert.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday.)

# IN AN EXCLUSIVE CAFE.

The menu card of a New York hotel run exclusively for women offers in conspicuous type: "Imported Gama Sandwiches: Lark, Partridge, Pheasant, Thrush."

"Isn't it horr! le!" exclaimed a sweet. voiced, earnest woman as she settled her aigrette mamed spring hat down an inch furth, over her nose. of a woman, a tenderhearted woman, eating larks! Or thrushea!"

"Don't worry," said the practical companion coolly, with a glance at the aigratte. "They don't really serve them, you know. It is only a bluff. If you should order a lark sandwich you would either be told that they were just out or you would be served with a bit of squab, and unless you carry a profesional naturalis around with you

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